

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "If I Die 2Nite"

A coward dies a thousand deaths  
A soldier dies but once

They say pussy and paper is poetry, power and pistols  
Plotting on murdering motherfuckers 'fore they get you  
Picturing pitiful punk niggas copping pleas  
Puffing weed as I position myself to clock G's  
My enemies scatter in suicidal situations  
Never to witness the wicked shit that they was facin'  
Pockets is packed with presidents, pursue your riches  
Evading the playa hating tricks while hitting switches  
Bitches is bad-mouth, 'cause brawling motherfuckers is bold  
But charge them hoes; the game should be sold  
I'm sick of psychotic society, somebody save me  
Addicted to drama, so even mama couldn't raise me  
Even the preacher and all my teachers couldn't reach me  
I run in the streets and puffing weed with my peeps  
I'm duckin' the cops, I hit the weed as I'm clutchin' my Glock  
Niggas is hot when I hit the block; what if I die tonight?

*[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]*

If I die tonight  
If I die tonight  
Fuck it, if I die tonight  
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Polish your pistols, prepare for battle, pass the pump  
When I get to poppin', niggas is droppin' then they done  
Calling the coroner, come collect the fucking corpse  
He got hit by a killer, preoccupied with being boss  
Revenge is the method  
Whenever steppin', keep a weapon close  
Adversaries are overdosed over deadly notes  
Jealous niggas and broke bitches equal packed jails  
Hit the block and fill your pockets, making crack sales  
Picture perfection, pursuing paper with a passion  
Visions of prisons for all the pussies that I blasted  
Running with criminals individuals with no remorse  
Try to stop me, my pistol posse's using deadly force  
In my brain all I can think about is fame  
The police know my name  
A different game, ain't a thing changed  
I'm seeing cemetery photos of my peers  
Conversating like they still here; if I die tonight

*[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]*

If I die tonight  
Scare to die nigga, is ya, ha?  
If I die tonight  
Never fear, never worry

If I die tonight  
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Pussy and paper is poetry, power and pistols  
Plotting on murdering motherfuckers 'fore they get you  
Pray to the Heaven's, .357's to the sky  
And I hope I'm forgiven for thug livin' when I die  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto for thug niggas  
A stress free life and a spot for drug dealers  
Pissing while practicing how to pimp and be a playa  
Overdose of a dick while drinking liquor when I lay her  
Pistol whippin' these simps, for being petrified and lame  
Disrespecting the game, praying for punishment and pain  
Going insane, never die, I live eternal, who shall I fear?  
Don't shed a tear for me, nigga, I ain't happy here  
I hope they bury me and send me to my rest  
Headlines reading 'Murdered to death', my last breath  
Take a look, picture a crook on his last stand  
Motherfuckers don't understand; if I die tonight

*[2Pac + Dr. Dre:]*  
Nigga! If I die tonight  
No fear nigga, never worry  
If I die tonight  
Bury me a motherfucking G, closed casket fuck it  
If I die tonight  
You know  
Tonight's the night I get in some shit

Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder  
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder  
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder  
"Tonight's the night I get in some shit"  
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder  
Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder

Writer(s): Norman Durham

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Me Against The World"

(feat. Puff Johnson, Dramacydal)

*[2Pac:]*

It's just me against the world  
Nothin' to lose  
It's just me against the world, baby  
I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world  
Stuck in the game  
Me against the world, baby

*[2Pac:]*

Can you picture my prophecy?  
Stress in the city, the cops is on top of me  
The projects is full of bullets, though bodies is droppin'  
They ain't no stoppin' me  
Constantly movin' while makin' millions  
Witnessin' killings  
Leavin' dead bodies in abandoned buildings  
Can't reach the children 'cause they're illin'  
Addicted to killin' and the appeal from the cap peelin'  
Without feelin', but will they last or be blasted?  
Hard headed bastard  
Maybe he'll listen in his casket; the aftermath  
More bodies being buried, I'm losin' my homies in a hurry  
They're relocatin' to the cemetery  
Got me runnin', stressin', my vision's blurry  
The question is will I live? No one in the world loves me  
I'm headed for danger, don't trust strangers  
Put one in the chamber whenever I'm feeling this anger  
Don't wanna make excuses, cause this is how it is  
What's the use? Unless we're shootin' no one notices the youth  
It's just me against the world, baby

*[2Pac & Puff Johnson:]*

Me against the world  
It's just me against the world  
It's just me against the world  
Me against the world  
Cause it's just me against the world, baby  
Me against the world  
I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby  
I got nothin' to lose

*[Yaki Kadafi:]*

Could somebody help me? I'm out here all by myself  
See ladies in stores, Baby Capone's, livin' wealthy  
Pictures of my birth on this earth is what I'm dreamin'  
Seein' daddy's semen, full of crooked demons  
Already crazy and screamin'  
I guess them nightmares as a child  
Had me scared, but left me prepared for a while

Is there another route? For a crooked outlaw  
Veteran, a villain, a young thug, who one day shall fall

*[E.D.I. Mean:]*

Everyday there's more death, and plus I'm dough-less  
I'm seein' more reasons for me to proceed with thievin'  
Scheme on the schemin' and leave they peeps grievin'  
Cause ain't no bucks to stack up, my nuts is backed up  
I'm about to act up, go load the MAC up, now watch me klacka  
Tried makin' fat cuts, but yo, it ain't workin'  
And evil's lurkin', I can see him smirkin' when I gets to pervin'  
So what? Go put some work in, and make my mail  
Makin' sales, riskin' 25 with a L, but oh well

*[2Pac & Puff Johnson:]*

Me against the world  
With nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world  
It's just me against the world, baby  
Me against the world  
I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world  
It's just me against the world, baby  
With nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby  
Me against the world  
Me against the world  
I got nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby

*[2Pac:]*

With all this extra stressin'  
The question I wonder is after death, after my last breath  
When will I finally get to rest through this oppression?  
They punish the people that's askin' questions,  
And those that possess steal from the ones without possessions  
The message I stress: to make it stop, study your lessons  
Don't settle for less, even the genius asks his questions  
Be grateful for blessings, don't ever change, keep your essence  
The power is in the people and politics we address  
Always do your best, don't let the pressure make you panic  
And when you get stranded  
And things don't go the way you planned it  
Dreamin' of riches, in a position of makin' a difference  
Politicians are hypocrites, they don't wanna listen  
If I'm insane, it's the fame made a brother change  
It wasn't nothin' like the game, it's just me against the world

*[2Pac & Puff Johnson:]*

Me against the world  
Nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby  
Me against the world  
Got me stuck in the game, it's just me against the world  
Nothin' to lose, it's just me against the world, baby  
Me against the world

*[2Pac:]*

Hahaha, that's right  
I know it seem hard sometimes  
But uh, remember one thing

Through every dark night, there's a bright day after that  
So no matter how hard it get  
Stick your chest out, keep your head up, and handle it!

Thanks to Mortada Tofi, Juanita for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Richard Rudolph, Minnie Riperton, Hal David, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Leon Ware, Carsten Schack, Kenneth Karlin, Malcolm Greenidge, Yafeu A. Fula, Burt F Bacharach

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "So Many Tears"

I shall not fear no man but God  
Though I walk through the valley of death  
I shed so many tears  
If I should die before I wake  
Please God walk with me  
Grab a nigga and take me to Heaven

Back in elementary, I thrived on misery  
Left me alone I grew up amongst a dying breed  
Inside my mind couldn't find a place to rest  
Until I got that Thug Life tatted on my chest  
Tell me can you feel me  
I'm not living in the past, you wanna last?  
Be the first to blast Remember Kato  
No longer with us; he's deceased  
Call on the sirens, seen him murdered in the streets, now rest in peace  
Is there heaven for a G? Remember me  
So many homies in the cemetery, shed so many tears

!! I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears...  
Lord! I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Now that I'm struggling in this business, by any means  
Label me greedy gettin' green, but seldom seen  
And fuck the world cause I'm cursed, I'm having visions  
Of leaving here in a hearse, God can you feel me?  
Take me away from all the pressure and all the pain  
Show me some happiness again, I'm going blind  
I spend my time in this cell, ain't living well  
I know my destiny is Hell. Where did I fail?  
My life is in denial and when I die  
Baptized in eternal fire, shed so many tears

Lord! I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears...  
Lord! I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Now I'm lost and I'm weary, so many tears  
I'm suicidal so don't stand near me  
My every move is a calculated step, to bring me closer  
To embrace an early death, now there's nothing left  
There was no mercy on the streets, I couldn't rest  
I'm barely standing, bout to go to pieces, screamin' peace  
And though my soul was deleted, I couldn't see it  
I had my mind full of demons trying to break free  
They planted seeds and they hatched, sparking the flame  
Inside my brain like a match, such a dirty game  
No memories, just a misery  
Painting a picture of my enemies killing me, in my sleep  
Will I survive 'til the mornin' to see the sun  
Please Lord forgive me for my sins, cause here I come

Lord! (God!), I suffered through the years, and shed so many tears...  
God! I lost so many peers

And Lord knows I tried, been a witness to homicide  
Seen drive-bys takin' lives, little kids die  
Wonder why as I walk by  
Broken-hearted as I glance at the chalk line, getting high  
This ain't the life for me, I wanna change  
But ain't no future bright for me, I'm stuck in the game  
I'm trapped inside a maze  
See this Tanqueray influenced me to getting crazy  
Disillusioned lately, I've been really wanting babies  
So I could see a part of me that wasn't always shady  
Don't trust my lady cause she's a product of this poison  
I'm hearing noises, think she's fuckin' all my boys, can't take no more  
I'm fallin' to the floor; beggin' for the Lord to let me in  
To Heaven's door -- shed so many tears

Lord! lost so many peers, and shed so many tears...  
I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears...  
Lord! I suffered many years, and shed so many tears...  
God! I lost so many peers, and shed so many tears

Writer(s): Gregory E Jacobs, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Stevie Wonder, Eric Vandell Baker

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Temptations"

*[Sample:]*

Hey! Hey-ayyaahhy

*[2Pac:]*

Yo Mo Bee mayn! Drop that shit!  
You know what time, boo-yaow, I know it's time for you  
So grab one by the hand you know what I'm sayin'  
And uh, throw up that finger  
Ayo throw y'all fingers up! Thug style baby, Thug style y'know?

*[2Pac:]*

Tell me baby are you lonely?  
Don't wanna rush ya, I can help ya if ya only  
Let me touch ya, if I'm wrong love tell me  
'cause I get caught up, and the life I live is Hell see  
I never thought I'd see, the day when I would calm down  
You ain't heard, I've been known to clown and Get Around  
That's my word, see you walkin' and you lookin' good  
Yes indeed, got a body like a sex fiend, you're killin' me  
With your attitude to match right?  
Don't be phony, 'cause I hate when you act like  
You don't know me I've be stressin' in the spotlight  
I want the fame, but the industry's a lot like  
A crap game, ain't no time for commitment, I gotta go  
Can't be with you every minute miss, another show  
And even though I'm known for my one night stand  
(Look here) I wanna be an honest man  
But temptations go

*[2Pac:]*

Throw up the finger! And all my homies go  
Throw them the finger! Ya know what baby it's like

*[Easy Mo Bee:]*

I know you've been searchin' for someone  
To make you happy, and get the job done  
You say you needed, a man with money  
But I can't be there, and will you still care

*[2Pac:]*

Will I cheat or will I be committed, heaven knows  
Gettin' weak and I wanna hit it, so here I go  
In my ride and I'm all in  
Gettin' high, I can hear the people callin'  
I'm passin' by, everybody knows I'm ballin'  
And to God, gotta keep myself from fall-in  
But it's hard, all the cuties know I'm under pressure  
What do I do, gettin' shaky when she pull the dress up  
And say it's cool, should I stroke or should I wait a while, you decide  
If you tell me that you don't want it, that's a lie



Move close and let me whisper  
Some dirty words in your ears as I kiss ya  
On every curve, slow down baby don't rush, I like it slow  
Can't hold it any longer, so let it go  
Open the gates to your waterfall up in heaven  
And don't worry, I let myself in, all I heard was

*[2Pac:]*

Give 'em the finger!  
All my homies go, throw your fingers up  
That's just the Thug in me girl, you know  
Peep out all my homies, y'know, it's like

*[Easy Mo Bee:]*

I know you've been searchin' for someone  
To make you happy, and get the job done  
You say you needed, a man with money  
But I can't be there, and will you still care

*[2Pac:]*

A lotta people think it's easy  
To settle down, got a woman that'll please me  
In every town, I don't wanna but I gotta do it  
The temptation got me ready to release the fluid Sensation, sit down and conversate like you know me, take my  
hand  
'Cause even Thugs get lonely, understand  
Even the hardest of my homies need attention  
Catch you blowin' up the telephone, reminiscin'  
I wanna take you to the movies, and the park  
Let's find a spot for you to do me, in the dark  
Now that it's passion, hold me tight  
Don't need lights, I can see you by the moonlight  
I know your man ain't lovin' you right  
You're lonely and depressed you need a Thug in your life  
Enough talkin', you want me to leave, I'll get to walkin'  
See you later, 'cause baby I'm a player, and all I heard was

*[2Pac:]*

Give 'em the finger, and all my homies go  
Yo this how we gonna do this in the nine-trey y'know?  
Throw your fingers up  
You know? They gonna peep this, this how we run game on you

(Everybody, hey, alright  
Hey, heyyyeah, heyyayy, oh)

All my niggas go, uptown in the, give 'em the finger!  
Throw your hands up, give em the finger!

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Young Niggaz"

I wanna dedicate this one to Robert 'Yummy' Sandifer  
And all other lil' Young Niggas that's in a rush to be gangstas

As a Young nigga, I'm almost runnin' in the wind  
Give anything, to be that innocent again, when I was ten  
I didn't bang but I was hangin' with the homies  
'Til them niggas started slangin', now they don't know me  
I got my hustle on, learned to ignore what couldn't pay me  
Lately I've been tryin' to make a mill-ion, can you blame me?  
With that jealousy they need to miss me, don't sweat me  
If them cowards really want me, come get me, and even I  
Someday will die but I'm cautious, I'm fin' to ride  
Put down the top, now we flossin'  
Hit the freeway, let the wind blow, drop the window  
Workin' with a twenty sack of indo, feelin' good  
Stop through the hood, grab the young thugs  
And I can't help but reminisce back when we slung drugs, though it's bad  
But all we had was our hopes and dreams  
Couldn't see unless we learned to slang dope to fiends  
As Young Niggas

He's the kind of G like everybody knows  
(As a strung nigga)  
He's always G'd up, from head to toe  
(My memories as a young nigga)  
Always got it blown like Al Capone  
(Strung nigga)  
He's the downest G I've ever known

Back in Junior High, when we was barely gettin' by, when daddy died  
That's when my momma started gettin' high  
My neighborhood was full of drive-bys, couldn't survive  
All our homies livin' short lives, I couldn't cry  
Told my momma if I did die, just put a blunt in my casket  
Let me get my dead homies high  
Come follow me throughout my history, it's just  
Me Against the World stuck in misery; as a young nigga  
My only thing was to be paid  
Life full of riches avoid snitches cause they shady, back in the days  
We always found the time to play  
But that's before they taught them gangbangers how to spray  
Not just L.A., but in the Bay and in Chicago and even St. Louis  
Every stadium that I go, when will they change?  
Stuck in the game like a dumb nigga  
Remember how it was, to be a young nigga

He's the kind of G like everybody knows  
(As a young nigga)  
He's always G'd up, from head to toe  
(My memories as a young nigga)

Always got it blown like Al Capone  
(young nigga)  
He's the downest G I've ever known

*[Ad-lib:]*

I'm tellin' you  
...to be young, have your brains and have every limb and all that  
Yo, y'all niggas don't know how good you really do got it  
Muh'fuckers need to just calm down  
And peep what the fuck they wanna do for the rest of the life  
'Fore you end your life before you BEGIN your life  
You dumb nigga

Now that I'm grown, I got my mind on bein' somethin'  
Don't wanna be another statistic, out here doin' nuttin'  
Tryin' to maintain in this dirty game, keep it real  
And I will even if it kills me, my Young Niggas  
Break away from these dumb niggas  
Put down the guns and have some fun nigga, the rest'll come figure  
Fame is a fast thang, that gangbangin'  
Puttin' niggas in a casket, murdered for hangin'  
At the wrong place at the wrong time, no longer livin'  
Cause he threw up the wrong sign, and every day  
I watch the murder rate increases, and even worse  
The epidemic and diseases, what is the future?  
The projects lookin' hopeless, where  
More and more brothers givin' up and don't care  
Sometimes I hate when brothers act up, I hit the weed  
And I proceed to blow the track up, for Young Niggas

He's the kind of G like everybody knows  
(for the young niggas)  
He's always G'd up, from head to toe  
(My memories as a young nigga)  
Always got it blown like Al Capone  
(this for nigga.., this for the young nigga)  
He's the downest G I've ever known

He's the kind of G like everybody knows  
He's always G'd up, from head to toe  
He always got it blown like Al Capone  
He's the downest G I've ever known

*[Collision over the last 4 lines:]*

This go out to the young thugs, the have-nots (you know)  
Little bad motherfuckers from the block (that's right)  
Them niggas that's thirteen and fourteen  
Drivin' Cadillacs, Benzes and shit (I see you boy)  
Young motherfuckin' hustlers (make that money boy)  
Stay strong nigga  
You could be a fuckin' accountant, not a dope dealer  
You know what I'm sayin'? (Go to school nigga, go to school)  
Fuck around and, you pimpin' out here  
You could be a lawyer (really doe)  
Niggas gotta get they priorities straight  
(Don't see Johnny Cochran out in this motherfucker)

Really doe. Young Niggas. little RahRah  
(sup nigga) Especially my little cousins don't be no dumb guy  
(Don't be a dumb nigga, listen, Young Niggas)

Thanks to Bonnie Barrow, Billy for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Black Lawrence Ernest, Shakur Tupac Amaru, Leftenant Nathan David, Singleton Charles, Stewart Loren Maurice, Jenkins  
Thomas Michael, Tyler Le-morrious Damon

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Heavy In The Game"

(feat. Eboni Foster, Lady Levi, Richie Rich)

*[Lady Levi:]*

Oh, you Thug Life is yours?  
Life ain't no something you can rap with  
Ooh come no ordinary game  
The game no something you can rap with  
Me's a player you know?  
I do not, play in no game  
Me just, make money, dollars.  
Every time, seen?

*[2Pac:]*

Now how can I explain how this game laced me, plus with this fame  
I got enemies do anything to break me, my attitude changed  
Got to the point where I was driven, twenty-four/seven  
Money's my mission, just a nigga tryin' to make a livin'  
These busta tricks don't want no mail  
They spendin' they riches on skanless bitches, who'll stay petrified in jail  
It's hell, plus all the dealers want a meal ticket  
Jealous-ass bitches, player-hatin' but we still kick it  
Always keep my eyes on the prize, watch the police  
Seen so much murder, neighborhoods gettin' no sleep  
But still, I get my money on major, continuously  
Communicatin' through my pager, niggas know me  
Don't have no homies since they jealous, I hustle solo  
'Cause when I'm broke I got no time for the fellas listen  
Ain't nothin' poppin' 'bout no broke nigga, I ain't no joke  
Fuck what they say and get your dough nigga  
Heavy in the game

*[Ad-libs — Lady Levi (Eboni Foster):]*

(Game's been good to me)

Who the bumba clat him a come try take mine?  
Oh, me see you rushin' up (Game's been good to me)  
I throw I'm blood claat P.M. to A.M  
All, all the bumba come ya take dis ting  
For ya take dis ting for joke?  
Oh, that's right (I don't care what it did to them  
The game's been good to me)

*[Richie Rich:]*

(Well let me shoot some of this how heavy type of shit)  
Certain niggas wanna stick to the game, you's a trick to the game  
Waitin' upon your turn, son when will you learn?  
Ain't no turns given, niggas be twistin' and takin' shit  
Puttin' they sack down, then puttin' they mack down  
Me myself I hustle with finesse yes I'm an Oakland baller  
Rule number one — check game, and fo' sho' you gon' respect game  
Be your own nigga meanin' buy your own dope  
Cause that front shit is punk shit, something I never funk'd with

Be true to this game and this game will be true to you  
That's real shit; disrespect, see what this here do to you  
That jackin' and robbin', despisin' your homie  
Ain't healthy, niggas be endin' up dead 'fore they get wealthy  
But not me though, I'm sewin' somethin' major  
So what I reap is boss — that's why my public status is floss  
Went from a, young nigga livin' residential  
To a, young nigga workin' presidential

*[Ad-libs — Lady Levi (Eboni Foster):]*

(Game's been good to me)  
Me nigga Tu-pac ALWAYS look good  
You know that's true I'm look good every time  
Ooh, pussy war? Step up (Game's been good to me)  
Can yi know I'm serving up blood claat  
Playing yi fucking games  
Ooh, we take game, we won!  
(I don't care what it did to them)  
Any by now  
(the game's been good to me)  
All, yi haffa forget fi we won!  
Everytime

*[2Pac:]*

I'm just a young black male, cursed since my birth  
Had to turn to crack sales, if worse come to worse  
Headed for them packed, jails, or maybe it's a hearse  
My only way to stack mail, is out here doin' dirt  
My decisions do or die, been hustlin' since junior high  
No time for askin' why, gettin' high, gettin' mine  
Put away my nine, cause these times call for four-five shells  
Cause life is hell, and everybody dies  
What about these niggas I despise  
Them loud talkin', cowards shootin' guns into crowds, jeopardizin' lives  
Shoot 'em right between them niggas' eyes, it's time to realize  
Follow the rules or follow them fools that die  
Everybody's tryin' to make the news  
Niggas confused, quit tryin' to be an O.G. and pay your dues  
If you choose to apply yourself  
Go with the grain then, come into riches and the bitches and the fame  
Heavy in the game

*[Ad-libs — Lady Levi (Eboni Foster):]*

(Game's been good to me)  
Boy, ya nah bitch!  
Major that's true we look good everytime  
When we at Beers Diamond  
And 2Pac drives vintage car (Game's been good to me)  
And fi them frame them look good, oh no?  
This whole world ya call on  
Gonna mass on a face  
For any, section of bumba ras claat, oh!  
(I don't care what it did to them)  
( the game's been good to me)  
Flush it! Oh!  
Nobody wan come test me ya know

True them we a drive pretty car  
Wanna no part of any ting  
And now you wan come drown a gun  
But ya see we know, you haffa show I'm maximum respect  
For when a blood clat run or when a pussy walk up  
We look good everytime  
'Nough dollars, dollars!  
Ya know about dollars, them right?  
But we nah talk no shit  
We haffa walk de walk for we a talk, see it?  
'Cause action, action speak louder dan words  
You n who the record partner  
Don't blood claat ting at, ALL

Thanks to Sean L. for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Lewis Terry Steven, Harris James Samuel, Bostic Samuel, Mosley Michael

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Lord Knows"

Damn, another funeral, another motherfucker

Lord knows

*[\*Pac is choking on blunt smoke\*]*

Lord knows

*[\*coughing harder\*]*

Lord knows

*[\*one final cough\*]*

I smoke a blunt to take the pain out

And if I wasn't high, I'd probably try to blow my brains out

I'm hopeless, they should've killed me as a baby

And now they got me trapped in the storm, I'm goin' crazy

Forgive me; they wanna see me in my casket

And if I don't blast I'll be the victim of them bastards

I'm losin' hope, they got me stressin', can the Lord forgive me

Got the spirit of a thug in me

Another sip of that drink, this Hennessey got me queasy

Don't wanna hurl, young nigga take it easy

Picture your dreams on a triple beam, and it seems

Don't underestimate the power of a fiend

To my homies on the block

Slangin' rocks with your Glocks put this tape in your box

When you're runnin from the cops -- and never look back

If they could be black, then they would switch

Open fire on them busta-ass bitches, and Lord knows...

(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

Lord knows

*[\*coughing again\*]*

(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

The Lord knows

*[\*still coughing\*]*

(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

The Lord knows

(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

I wonder if the Lord will forgive me or bury me a G

I couldn't let my adversaries worry me

And every single day it's a test, wear a bulletproof vest

And still a nigga stressin' over death

If I could choose when a nigga die, figure I'd

Take a puff on the blunt, and let my trigga fly

When everyday it's another death, with every breath

It's a constant threat, so watch yo' step!

You could be next if you want to, who do you run to?

Murderin' niggas, look what it's come to

My memories bring me misery, and life is hard

In the ghetto, it's insanity, I can't breathe

Got me thinking, what do Hell got?

Cause I done suffered so much, I'm feelin' shell-shocked



And drive-by's an everyday thang  
I done lost too many homies to this motherfuckin' game  
And Lord knows...

(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)  
Lord knows  
*[\*coughing again\*]*  
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)  
The Lord knows  
*[\*still coughing\*]*  
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)  
The Lord knows  
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

One-time! One-time!  
Fuck the 5-0 cause they after me  
Kill me if they could, I'll never let 'em capture me  
Done lost too many niggas to this gangbangin'  
Homies died in my arms, with his brains hangin', fucked up!  
I had to tell him it was alright, and that's a lie  
And he knew it when he shook and died, my God  
Even though I know I'm wrong man  
Hennessey make a nigga think he strong, man (heh heh)  
I can't sleep, so I stay up, don't wanna fuck them bitches  
Try to calm me down, I ain't givin' up  
I'm gettin' lost in the weed, man, gettin' high  
Livin' every day, like I'm gon' die (gon' die, gon' die)  
I smoke a blunt to take the pain out  
And if I wasn't high, I'd probably try to blow my brains out  
Lord knows...

(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)  
Lord knows!  
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)  
Lord knows. Jesus.  
(He knows! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)  
(He is listening! Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

(Lord knows. Lord knows. He He. He. He. He.)  
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)  
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)  
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)  
(Lord knows, Lord knows, Lord knows!)

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Gallow Brian Q, Toney Kevin Kraig

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Dear Mama"

*[2pac:]*

You are appreciated  
When I was young, me and my mama had beef  
17 years old, kicked out on the streets  
Though back at the time I never thought I'd see her face  
Ain't a woman alive that could take my mama's place  
Suspended from school  
And scared to go home, I was a fool  
With the big boys breaking all the rules  
I shed tears with my baby sister, over the years  
We was poorer than the other little kids  
And even though we had different daddies, the same drama  
When things went wrong we'd blame mama  
I reminisce on the stress I caused, it was hell  
Huggin' on my mama from a jail cell  
And who'd think in elementary, hey  
I'd see the penitentiary one day?  
And running from the police, that's right  
Mama catch me, put a whoopin' to my backside  
And even as a crack fiend, mama  
You always was a black queen, mama  
I finally understand  
For a woman it ain't easy trying to raise a man  
You always was committed  
A poor single mother on welfare, tell me how you did it  
There's no way I can pay you back, but the plan  
Is to show you that I understand; you are appreciated

*[Reggie Green and "Sweet Franklin" (2Pac):]*

Lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)  
Sweet lady, place no one above ya (You are appreciated)  
Sweet lady, don't you know we love ya?

*[2pac:]*

Now, ain't nobody tell us it was fair  
No love from my daddy, 'cause the coward wasn't there  
He passed away and I didn't cry, 'cause my anger  
wouldn't let me feel for a stranger  
They say I'm wrong and I'm heartless, but all along  
I was looking for a father he was gone  
I hung around with the thugs  
And even though they sold drugs  
They showed a young brother love  
I moved out and started really hangin'  
I needed money of my own, so I started slangin'  
I ain't guilty, 'cause even though I sell rocks  
It feels good putting money in your mailbox  
I love paying rent when the rent is due  
I hope you got the diamond necklace that I sent to you  
'Cause when I was low you was there for me

And never left me alone, because you cared for me  
And I could see you coming home after work late  
You're in the kitchen, trying to fix us a hot plate  
You just working with the scraps you was given  
And Mama made miracles every Thanksgivin'  
But now the road got rough, you're alone  
You're trying to raise two bad kids on your own  
And there's no way I can pay you back, but my plan  
Is to show you that I understand; you are appreciated

*[Reggie Green and "Sweet Franklin" (2Pac):]*

Lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)  
Sweet lady, place no one above ya (You are appreciated)  
Sweet lady, don't you know we love ya?

*[2pac:]*

Pour out some liquor and I reminisce  
'Cause through the drama I can always depend on my mama  
And when it seems that I'm hopeless  
You say the words that can get me back in focus  
When I was sick as a little kid  
To keep me happy, there's no limit to the things you did  
And all my childhood memories  
Are full of all the sweet things you did for me  
And even though I act crazy  
I gotta thank the Lord that you made me  
There are no words that can express how I feel  
You never kept a secret, always stayed real  
And I appreciate how you raised me  
And all the extra love that you gave me  
I wish I could take the pain away  
If you can make it through the night, there's a brighter day  
Everything will be alright if you hold on  
It's a struggle everyday, gotta roll on  
And there's no way I can pay you back, but my plan  
Is to show you that I understand; you are appreciated

*[Reggie Green and Sweet Franklin (2Pac):]*

Lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)  
Sweet lady, place no one above ya (You are appreciated)  
Sweet lady, don't you know we love ya? (Dear Mama)  
Sweet lady  
Lady (Dear Mama)  
Lady  
Lady

Thanks to Alex Maldonado, [www.raulmora.com](http://www.raulmora.com), dikkevetteboer for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Joe Sample, Bruce Andre Hawes, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Charles B Simmons, Joseph B. Jefferson, Tony D Pizarro

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "It Ain't Easy"

*[Ad-lib:]*

Keepin' it real

I take a shot of Hennessy, now I'm strong enough to face the madness  
Nickel bag full of cess weed laced with hash  
Phone calls from my niggas on the, other side  
Two childhood friends just died, I couldn't cry  
A damn shame, when will we ever change?  
And what remains from a twelve gauge to the brain?  
Arguments with my Boo, it's true  
I spend mo' time with my niggas than I do with you  
But everywhere it's the same thang, that's the game  
I'll be damned if a thang changed, fuck the fame  
I'll be hustlin' to make a mill-ion  
Lord knows ain't no love for us ghetto children  
So we cold, Rag-top slowin' down, time to stop for gas  
Beep my horn for a hoochie with a proper ass, uh  
It ain't easy, that's my motto  
Drinkin' Tanqueray straight out the bottle  
Everybody wanna know if I'm insane  
My baby mama gotta mind full of silly games  
And all the drama got me stressin' like I'm hopeless  
I can't cope me and the homies smokin' roaches  
Cause we broke late night hangin' out 'til the sunrise gettin' high  
Watchin' the cops roll by  
It ain't easy... that's right... it ain't easy

...easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?  
It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?  
It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?

I can't sleep, niggas plottin' on me, kill me while I'm dreamin'  
Wake up sweaty and screamin', cause I can hear them suckers schemin'  
Probably paranoid, problem is, them punks be fantasizin'  
A brother bite the bullet, open fire and I died  
I wonder why this just the way it is  
Even now lookin' out for these killa kids  
Cause they wild  
Bill Clinton can you recognize a nigga representin'  
Doin' twenty to life in San Quentin  
Gettin' calls from my nigga Mike Tyson, ain't nuttin' nice  
Yo 'Pac, do something righteous witcha life  
And even though you're innocent you still a nigga, so they figure, rather have you behind bars than triggers  
But I'm hold ya down and holla Thug Life  
Lickin' shots 'til I see my niggas free on the block  
But no it ain't easy, hahahah  
'Til I see my niggas free on the block, uh

It ain't easy

It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?  
It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?  
It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary?..

Lately been reminiscin'  
'Bout Peppermint Schnapps in Junior High hit the block  
Keep an eye on the cops while D-Boys slang rocks  
Just a project kid without a conscience, I'm havin' dreams  
Of hearin' screams at my concerts  
Me and all my childhood peers through the years tryin' to stack a little green  
I was only seventeen, when I started servin' fiends  
And I wish there was another way to stack a dolla  
Sold my Impala cause these hard times make me wanna holla  
Will I live to see tomorrow, am I fallin' off?  
I hit the weed and then proceed to say fuck all of y'all  
Ain't nobody down with me I'm thuggin'  
I can't go home 'cause muh-fuckers think I'm buggin'  
So now I'm in this high powered cell at the county jail  
Punk judge got a grudge, can't post no bail  
What, do I do in these county blues  
Gettin' battered and bruised by the you know who  
And these fakes get to shakin' when they face me  
Snakes ain't got enough nuts to replace me  
Sittin' in this, livin' hell, listenin' to niggas yell  
Tryna torture 'em to tell, I'm gettin' mail  
But ain't nobody sayin' much, the same old nuts  
Is makin' bucks while these sluts is gettin' fucked  
They violated my probation  
And it seems I'll be goin' on a long vacation  
Meanwhile it ain't easy..  
No it ain't easy

It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?  
It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?  
It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?  
It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?  
It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?  
It ain't easy, being me  
Will I see the penitentiary or will I stay free?

Thanks to Sleepy A for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Pizarro Tony D



# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Can U Get Away"

(feat. Anya Pinto)

*[2Pac and Anya talking:]*

Whassup? It's 2Pac. Can you get away?  
Let me come swoop you up  
(You know I got a man)  
I know you got a man, but he ain't gon' mind if I take you out  
(Of course he gon' mind)  
Let me take you to lunch, I'll have you back before he even get home, before anybody see  
(I can't, he ain't gon' let me  
Aww c'mon! Please...  
(Nah)  
Oh aight – what's wrong with your eye?  
Why you got on glasses?

*[2Pac:]*

Ever since I met ya I could peep the pressure  
It's like your man don't understand, all he does is stress ya  
I can see your state of misery from the introduction  
Ain't 'bout no suckin' and touchin', just harmless discussion  
Maybe we can see a better way, find a brighter day  
Late night phone conversations – would that be OK?  
I don't wanna take up all your time, be the next in line  
Tell me your size, let me find you things with you in mind  
I can see you're cautious and I'm careful not to scare you  
The anticipation of love makin'  
Got you shakin' when I'm standin' near you  
News of precision will prepare ya  
In case you get scared, just ask the man in the mirror  
Now the picture's gettin' clearer  
All he does is hit you hard  
I tell you to leave him, and you tell me keep my faith in God  
I don't understand, I just wanna bring ya home  
I wonder should I leave you alone  
And find a woman of my own  
All the homies tell me that you don't deserve it  
I contemplate – but in my heart I know you worth it  
Tell me, can you get away?

Ebony, can you get away?  
C'mon... Let's go... Can you get away?  
Can you get away?

*[Anya Pinto (2Pac):]*

So much pressure in the air (I know, I know)  
And I can't get away (Just for a little while love)  
I'm not happy here (I know it's hard but, can you get away?)  
So much pressure in the air  
(Let's go man, get up outta there, can you get away?)  
And I can't get away (Do you love him?)  
I'm not happy here (Do you love that man?)

*[2Pac:]*

Could it be my destiny to be lonely?  
Ain't checkin' for these hoochies that be on me  
'Cause they phony  
But you was different, I got no need to be suspicious  
'Cause I can tell, my life with you would be delicious  
The way you lick your lips and shake your hips got me addicted  
I'm sittin' here hopin' that we can find some way to kick it  
Even though I got your digits, gotta struggle to resist it  
Slowly advance when it's my chance not to miss it  
You blow me kisses when he ain't lookin'  
Now your heart's taken  
My only wish is that you change your mind and he get shook  
Wanna take you there but you scared to follow  
Come see tomorrow  
Hopin' I can take you through the pain and sorrow  
Let you know I care – that someone's there for your struggle  
Depend on me, when you have needs or there's trouble  
I wanna give you happiness and maybe even more  
I told you before, no time to waste  
We can hook up at the store. Can you get away?

*[Anya Pinto (2Pac):]*

So much pressure in the air (I know it is)  
And I can't get away (Yeah, you can)  
I'm not happy here (You ain't happy, huh? Can you get away?)  
So much pressure in the air (I know... is he beatin' on you?)  
And I can't get away (Did he punch you?)  
I'm not happy here (Throwin' you around the house?)

*[2Pac:]*

I sit here reminiscin' and I hope you listenin'  
In the position to pressure and offer competition  
Me and you was meant to be my destiny, no longer lonely  
'Cause now it's on for you and me, all I can see  
A happy home – that's my fantasy  
But my reality is problems with your man and me  
What can I do? Don't wanna lose you to this sucker  
'Cause if he touch ya, I got some drama for that busta  
Don't wanna rush ya, but make your mind up fast  
Nobody knows, on who controls will it last?  
Before I ask, I hope you see that I'm sincere  
And even if you stay with him today I'm still here  
I refuse to give up, 'cause I believe in what we share  
You're livin' in prison and what he's givin' can't compare  
'Cause everything I feel for you I wanna let you know  
Passionately yours and I'll never let you go  
Tell me, can you get away?

*[Anya Pinto (2Pac):]*

So much pressure in the air (Can't get away why?)  
And I can't get away  
I'm not happy here  
(Let me take you away, all I wanna know, can you get away?)  
So much pressure in the air (Man)



And I can't get away (Course you can get away)  
I'm not happy here  
(If you really wanted to get away, you could get away)

*[2Pac:]*

You ain't got to go through all this drama and this stress  
With this old half a man, ya know what I'm sayin'?  
I ain't tryin' to put you in a position  
Where you gotta give up your lifestyle for everything  
You need, but now... he ain't even takin' care of you  
He beatin' on you and shit; look how you look!  
You too motherfuckin' raw to be with that nigga  
Ya know what I'm sayin'?  
Shake that sucker to the left  
Let me show you what this life is really about  
Ya know what I'm sayin'? You need to be on first class  
Need to be goin' to Hawaii, seein' the world  
Seein' what this world got to offer you  
Not goin' to, ya know what I'm sayin'?  
The emergency room, gettin' stitches  
'Cause this nigga done got jealous. Don't cry, it's all good

*[2Pac and Anya talking again:]*

Can you take me from here?  
Shake that man, get away  
Can you take me from here?  
I'ahhhhhm unhappy here  
And I need you to show me love  
Because it's so much pressure now  
And I need to get awayyyheyyyeahhh

Thanks to charlesgagnon69 for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Mosley Michael, Beverly Frankie

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Old School"

*[2Pac:]*

Here we go; we gonna send this one out to the old school  
All these motherfuckers in the Bronx, and Brooklyn, and Staten Island  
Queens, and all the motherfuckers that laid it down, the foundation  
Ya know what I'm saying? Nothing but love for the old school  
That's who were going do this one for, ya feel me?

*[Grand Puba sample:]*

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way."

*[5x]*

*[2Pac:]*

I remember Mr. Magic, FLASH, Grandmaster Caz  
LL, Raising Hell, but, that didn't last  
Eric B. & Rakim was, the shit to me  
I flip to see a Doug E. Fresh show, with Ricky D  
and Red Alert was puttin in work, with Chuck Chill  
Had my homies on the hill getting ill, when shit was real  
Went out to steal. Remember Raw, with Daddy Kane?!  
when De La Soul was puttin Potholes in the game  
I can't explain how it was, Whodini  
had me puffin on that Buddha gettin buzzed, cause there I was  
Them block parties in the projects, and on my block  
You diggy don't stop, sippin on that Private Stock  
Through my speaker Queen Latifah, and MC Lyte  
Listen to Treach, KRS to get me through the night  
With T La Rock and Mantronix, to Stetsasonic  
Remember "Push It" was the bomb shit, nuttin like the old school

*[Grand Puba sample:]*

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way."

*[2Pac:]*

I had, Shell Toes, and BVD's  
A killer crease inside my Lee's when I hit the streets  
I'm playing skelly, Ringolevio, or catch a kiss  
Before the homies in my hood learned to smack a bitch  
I remember. Way back, the weak weed they had  
Too many seeds in the trey bag  
I'm on the train headin uptown, freestyling  
With some wild kids from Bucktown, profiling  
Cus the hoochies was starin, thinking, "What them niggas wearing?"  
I'm wondering if that's her hair, I remember  
Stickball, humpin hoochies on the wall  
Or taking leaks on the steps, stinking up the hall  
Through my childhood, wild as a juvenile  
A young nigga tryin to stay away from Rikers Isle  
Me and my homies breakin nights, tryin to keep it true

Out on the roof sipping 90 proof, ain't nuttin like the old school

*[Grand Puba sample:]*

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way."

*[2Pac:]*

Remember popping and locking to Kurtis Blow, the name belts  
And Scott LaRock the Super Ho back in Latin Quarters  
When Slick Rick was spittin La Di Da Di  
Gaming the hoochies at the neighborhood block parties  
I remember, breakdancing to Melle Mel  
Jekyll and Hyde, LL when he Rocks the Bells  
Forget the TV, I'd rather hit the streets and do graffiti  
Be careful don't let the transit cops see me  
It ain't nothing like the old school!

*[Grand Puba sample:]*

"What more could I say? I wouldn't be here today  
If the old school didn't pave the way."

*[2Pac:]*

Haha, on the real though  
Remember seeing Brooklyn go crazy up in the motherfucking party?  
Remember motherfuckers used to go, "Is Brooklyn in the house?"  
And motherfuckers would lose they God Damn Mind!  
That's the old school to me; that's what I'm sayin (Super, Sperm)  
I remember goin places that motherfuckers was scared to say  
they was from anywhere but Brooklyn; that shit was the bomb  
Back in the motherfucking old school nigga  
Remember skelly nigga? Knocking niggas out the box, popping boxes?  
Remember stickball? Member niggas to run that shit like that?  
Remember the block-- 'Member screaming up at your moms from the window?  
(LL Cool J is hard as HELL...)  
The ice cream truck, remember all the mother--  
'Member the Italian Ices, yo? Yo, remember the Italian Ices?!  
The Spanish Niggas comin' down with the coconut ices and shit?  
I came through the door, said it before  
That was the SHIT!

Writer(s): Buchanan, Shaker, Tilery

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Fuck The World"

(feat. Digital Underground)

[2Pac:]

(Haha, what you say?)  
Who you callin' rapist?  
Ain't that a bitch  
You devils are so two faced  
Wanna see me locked in chains, dropped in shame  
And gettin' stalked by these crooked cops again  
Fuckin' with the young Black male, tryin' to stack bail  
And um, stay away from the packed jails  
I told the judge I'm in danger  
And that's why I had that four-five with one in the chamber  
Fuck the world!

[Shock G (2Pac):]

They tryna say that I don't care  
(I woke up screamin' "Fuck the world!")  
They tryna say that I don't care  
(Just woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")  
They tryna say that I don't care  
(Uh, I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")  
They're tryna say that I don't care  
(Just got up and screamed "Fuck the world!")

[2Pac:]

When I was comin' up rough that wasn't even what you called it  
That's why I smoke blunts now and run with alcoholics  
I'm gettin' flex to me, comin' from my enemies  
And in their dreams it's hell where they sendin' me  
Have I lost control or just another soul?  
A car full of motherfuckers when we roll  
Sippin' on yak as I sit back  
Life as a big mack  
Brothers come up and say, "You did that?"  
Never take your eyes off the prize and even if you gettin' high  
Don't ever hesitate to try  
Cause you can fall off or stay ballin', niggas we all in  
And them my motherfuckers callin'  
Fuck the world!

[Shock G (2Pac):]

They tryna say that I don't care  
(Woke up screamed "Fuck the world!")  
They tryna say that I don't care  
(Just woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")  
They tryna say that I don't care  
(I got up and screamed "Fuck the world!")  
They're tryna say that I don't care  
(I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")  
They're tryna say that I don't care

*[2Pac:]*

(Man, Fuck the world)  
Damn, they wanna label me a menace  
Cause I'm sittin' here sippin' on Guinness  
Weighin' 165 and these tricks should die  
For being jealous of a brother when he rise  
I can see it in your eyes, you wanna see a young playa fallin'  
They hate to see a nigga ballin'  
Some of you suckers is rotten, plottin' on what I got  
And then you wonder why I shot him (Booyeah)  
Stop givin' game for free, you wanna hang with me  
Like being a thug is the thang to be  
But I got love for my homies, the G's and macks  
And if you're black, you better stay strapped  
Nigga, fuck the world!

*[Shock G (2Pac):]*

They tryna say that I don't care  
(I woke up screamed "Fuck the world!")  
They tryna say that I don't care  
(I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")  
They tryna say that I don't care  
(I got up and screamed "Fuck the world!")  
(Haha, Fuck the world!)  
(Fuck it)  
(I hear my niggas screamin' "Fuck the world")

*[2Pac:]*

They wanna know if I claim the clique that I'm hangin' with  
And if I'm down with this bangin' shit  
Well homie I don't give a fuck if you Blood or Cuz  
Long as you got love for thugs  
But don't try to test me out, stall that  
Homie this is Thug Life nigga and we all strapped  
I been through hell and back and if I fail, black  
Then it's back to the corner where we sell crack  
Some of you niggas is bustas, you runnin' round  
With these tramp-ass bitches, don't trust her  
But don't cry, this world ain't prepared for us  
A straight thug motherfucker who ain't scared to bust  
Fuck the world!

*[Shock G (2Pac):]*

They tryna say that I don't care  
(I woke up screamed "Fuck the world!")  
They tryna say that I don't care  
(I woke up screamin' "Fuck the world!")  
They tryna say that I don't care (They tryna say that I don't care)  
(I woke up and screamed "Fuck the world!")  
Yeah what's goin on y'all?)

Uh, uh, uh. Fuck the world!

*[Shock G singing:]*

I don't care. I don't care, I don't care!

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Gregory E. Jacobs

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Death Around The Corner"

(from "Resurrection" soundtrack)

[Child:] Why you by the window? What's wrong daddy?

[Mother:] I know what's wrong with that crazy motherfucker

He just stand by the goddamn window  
With that fuckin' AK all day (there you go)  
You don't work, you don't fuck, you don't  
You don't do a goddamn thing

I see death around the corner, gotta stay high while I survive  
In the city where the skinny niggas die  
If they bury me, bury me as a G nigga, no need to worry  
I expect retaliation in a hurry  
I see death around the- corner, anyday  
Tryin' to keep it together, no one lives forever anyway  
Strugglin' and strivin', my destiny's to die  
Keep my finger on the trigger, no mercy in my eyes  
In a ball of confusion, I'm thinkin' 'bout my daddy  
Madder than a motherfucker, they never shoulda had me  
I guess I seen too many murders, the doctors can't help me  
Got me stressin' with my pistol in my sheets, it ain't healthy  
Am I paranoid? - Tell me the truth  
I'm out the window with my AK, ready to shoot  
Ran out of indo and my mind can't take the stress, I'm out of breath  
Make me wanna kill my damn self; but I see death around the corner

("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")

I see death around the corner

("But having respect, that feels even better.")

I see death around the corner

("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")

I see death around the corner

("But having respect, that feels even better.")

I see death around the corner, the pressure's gettin' to me  
I no longer trust my homies - them phonies tried to do me  
Smokin' too much weed, got me paranoid, stressed  
Pack a gat and my vest, under my clothes when I dress  
Here's hopin' I die the way I lived, straight thuggin'  
Huggin' my trigger for all them niggas that was buggin'  
My homie told me once, don't you trust them other suckers  
They front like they your homies but they phony motherfuckers  
And even if I did die young, who'd care  
All I ever got was mean mugs and cold stares  
Got homies in my head that done passed away screamin', please  
Young nigga, make G's  
I can't give up, although I'm hopeless, I think my mind's gone  
All I can do is get my grind on, death around the corner

("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")

I see death around the corner  
("But having respect, that feels even better.")  
I see death around the corner  
("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")  
I see death around the corner  
("But having respect, that feels even better.")

(I was raised) I was raised in the city, shitty  
Ever since I was an itty bitty kitty  
Drinkin' liquor out my momma's titty  
And smokin' weed was an everyday thang in my household  
And drinkin' liquor til' you out cold  
And though I'm grown now, nigga it's still on - Pow!  
Bustin on them niggas 'til they gone  
How many more jealous ass bitches, comin' for my riches  
Now I gotta be suspicious when I bone  
Cause if I ain't sharp and heartless, them bitches'll start shit  
Excuse me, but this is where we part bitch  
No more game for free, please explain to me  
Why niggas trip bitch, who you came to see?  
Murder me now but see me later man, that's on my pops  
I got homies that will hunt you 'til you drop  
I hope the Lord can forgive me, I was a G  
And gettin' high was a way of bein' free; I see death around the corner

("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")  
I see death around the corner  
("But having respect, that feels even better.")  
I see death around the corner  
("When we were kids, belonging felt good.")  
I see death around the corner  
("But having respect, that feels even better.")  
I see death around the corner

This is for all the real motherfuckin' niggas out there  
I know you ain't scared to die; we all gotta go, y'know?  
A real motherfucker will pick the time he goes  
And make sure he handles his motherfuckin' business  
("You think you're gonna live long enough to spend that money  
You fuckin hump?" - )  
Y'all niggas stop actin' like pussies out there, all right

*[\*movie samples\*]*

"If any of you.  
Are tired of gettin' ripped off by guys like that." -

"I want his family dead! I want his house burnt to the ground!  
I wanna go there in the middle of the night I wanna piss on his ashes!"  
"I want his family dead! I want his house burnt to the ground!  
I wanna go there in the middle of the night I wanna piss on his ashes!"

"I want that son of a bitch dead, I want him dead!  
I want him dead, I don't care."



Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Johnny Lee

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Outlaw"

(feat. Dramacydal)

[2Pac (RahRah):]

That's right nigga you gotta get your papers in this motherfucker  
I ain't mad at ya at all (damn)  
Aiyyo, what the fuck you wanna be when you grow up RahRah?  
(Nigga, is you stupid, I wanna be a motherfuckin' Outlaw)  
That's right nigga, hahaha. Housin' these hoes, you feel me?  
(Aight, you know what I'm sayin'?)  
You got to do that shit, keepin' it real nigga or what?  
(Keepin' it real!)  
How old are you nigga?  
(I'm eleven)

[2Pac:]

Cause all I see is, murder murder, my mind state  
Preoccupied with homicide, tryin' to survive through this crime rate  
Dead bodies at block parties, those unlucky bastards  
Gunfire now they require many closed caskets  
Who can you blame? It's insane what we been through  
Witnessin' evil that these men do, bitches sin too  
In fact they be the reasons niggas get to bleedin'  
Pull 'n' fuckin' fire when I leave 'em, you shoulda seen 'em  
Hostile hoes catch elbows (beotch!) negroes disposed of  
and snitches get dealt with, with no love  
Body bags of adversaries that I had to bury  
I broke the law and they jaw, all in the same flurry  
But never worry, they'll remember me through history  
Causin' motherfuckers to bleed, they'll label me a

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)  
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

[2Pac:]

Before I close my eyes I fantasize I'm livin' well  
When I awake and realize I'm just a prisoner in hell  
Just as well, cause in my cell I'm keepin' pictures of these bastards  
Exercisin', visualizin', everyone inside a casket  
Picture me blasted, surrounded by niggas in masks  
Sent with the task to harass and murder my ass  
Will I last? Heaven or Hell? Freedom or jail?  
Shit's hard, who can you tell? And if we fail?  
High speeds, and Thai weed on the freeway  
When will they learn to take it easy? Uh  
Drive-by's and niggas die, murder without a motive  
By makin' motherfuckers fry  
Got me runnin' from these coward-ass crooked-ass cops  
Helicopters tryna hover over niggas 'til we drop  
Got no time for the courts, my only thought is open fire  
Hit the district attorney, but fuck that bitch, cause she's a liar  
Now it's time to expire, I see the judge, spray the bitch

"Motherfuckers is crooked," is what I scream, and hit the fence  
I commence to get wicked, spittin' rounds as the plot thickens  
Never missin', an early grave is my only mission  
If I die, never worry, bury me beside my four-five  
May God forgive me, I was high, label me a

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)  
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

*[Dramacydal:]*

*[Kadafi:]*

Society lied to me, I ain't never gonna try to be  
My mob'll be doin' robberies, and stickups on these wannabe's  
I witnessed niggas lose they chest  
For ordinary reasons niggas bodies put to rest

*[Kastro:]*

So I just... swallow my Beck's and holla, "Fuck 'em!"  
And if I'm next... just let a nigga step with somethin'  
I ain't fearin' nuttin'

*[EDI Amin (Kastro):]*

Young and thuggin', prepared for bustin' if that's my destiny  
Ready for whatever, see you niggas can't get the best of me  
(hold me down) Definitely no need for askin'  
(now he mashin') Top speed (smokin' weed) laughin' (biotch!)

*[Napoleon:]*

Cause when I bust 'em they gonna shiver, the killers cry  
Soldiers got bodies floatin' in the river, what is they sayin'?  
Talkin' 'bout prayin'

*[Kadafi:]*

They need to stop, that ain't gon' help  
These niggas sprayin' up my block

*[Napolean:]*

Tryin' to take my wealth

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)  
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)  
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)  
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

*[2Pac:]*

Fuck the judge, I gotta grudge  
Punk police, niggas run the streets  
Hahah, it ain't nuttin' but music  
Shit's changed  
1995 the game has changed, motherfuckers is actin REAL strange  
The rules is all rearranged  
You got babies lyin' dead in the streets  
These punk police is crooked as me  
but all I see is motherfuckers actin less than G's  
Stop bein' a playa-hater, be a innovator nigga  
Fuck that shit, don't be no entertainer and a stranger  
Be a real motherfucker keep it real pack that steel  
Cause you know these streets is real ill  
Muh'fuckers wanna see me in my casket  
Jealous, motherfuckin' bastards  
I never die, thug niggas multiply

Cause after me is Thug Life baby  
Then the young thugs  
Then the youngest thug of all, my nigga RahRah!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Fula Yafeu A, Stewart Loren Maurice